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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1856.

The Publication Office of THE CRAYON is removed to the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHISTERS, No. 763 Broadway, where subscriptions will be received, and all business transacted connected with the publication of this Magazine. Letters and communications relative to Editorial or business matters to be addressed to the subscribers, directed as above.

STILLMAN & DURAND.

TO ARTISTS.—We have to urge artists at home and abroad, as well as amateurs, learned and unlearned, to favor us with communications. We desire earnestly to have THE CRAYON the embodiment of the Art feeling and thought of the present time. Our columns are open to every mind, the Editors reserving only the duty of deciding between positive interest and monotony. Will our artist friends and others interested think of it!

Sketchings.

SALUTATORY.

WITH the opening of a new volume, and in a new form, it is but fitting that we should have a word to say of ourselves. We can promise no more vigorous efforts towards success than we have made during the last year—we have from the beginning done our best, but that best may become better by experience and increased advantages. There are two respects in regard to which fault has been found with THE CRAYON in certain quarters—the tone of criticism, which has been considered not sufficiently trenchant; and its heaviness, or want of generally entertaining matter. With regard to the former of these causes of complaint, we have to say, that criticism is a delicate matter to undertake, and a difficult one in which to satisfy even a considerable portion of any public. The slashing style pleases most, but does least good, and where fellow-feeling with the subject has “made us wondrous kind,” it is easier and pleasanter to be gentle than severe. Yet a certain amount of severity is necessary where faults are too negligently guarded against, and as we feel our ground more secure by longer acquaintance with Artists’ works, we shall out more closely and firmly upon those who will not heed the gentler admonitions. So long as there is earnest effort to progress, little need be said, but where even the strongest men grow too careless of their position, candid reproof may do good. To criticize individual works conscientiously, intelligently, and justly, is the most difficult thing in the study of Art—an office we would always prefer to decline, if it were possible, since, beside being the most difficult, it is the most thankless.

As to the gravity of THE CRAYON, it is difficult to see how a publication that aims at instruction can be anything else than, in the main, grave, and to most people abstruse. To learn we must study, and the deeper the principles evolved the more fruitful of good is the study, and the more laborious at the same time. Our aim has been always to lead our readers to think of Art, and if any find insuffi-

cient attraction in that to make it worth their while to read THE CRAYON, we are well assured that we shall, with them, stand no chance in the competition with periodicals devoted exclusively to “entertaining literature.” Progress demands work, though one may be better pleased in idleness. So far as we can be at once attractive and instructive we shall endeavor to be so, but it seems a sad waste of life to spend it in *profitless* attraction—a waste of which we care to be guilty neither as principal nor accessory.

OUR PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

NO. I.

Few of our citizens are aware of the large amount of artistic wealth possessed in our principal cities. There are many very valuable pictures, both of living and dead masters, contained in our private collections, making a sum total which would surprise even those most conversant with the art-patronage of our people. We purpose to make an examination of them as far as we are permitted, and give a brief account of all those which contain noteworthy works in New York, as well as in other cities, without criticism or comment, further than it may be necessary to do so in furnishing a catalogue raisonnée of them.

The collection of John Wolfe, Esq., is one of the largest in New York, and, as a whole, is peculiarly valuable from its containing so many favorable representations of the different European schools. The English, French, Flemish, and Dusseldorf schools are represented with uncommonly judicious selections, considering the range of the field to choose from, and the space given to them. Of the English pictures, perhaps the most important is Leslie’s “Anne Page, Slender, and Shallow,” formerly in the collection of Philip Hone, Esq., and engraved by the Art-Union. T. Sidney Cooper has two pictures, one a flock of sheep; the other, cattle, sheep, and goats. They are favorable specimens of the artist. Ansdell contributes his “Stag at Bay,” which is well known by the engraving from it, and a dying sheep, upon which an eagle has alighted to commence his feast, when a dog approaches, but whether as the defender or oppressor of the unfortunate quadruped seems matter of doubt; but there is a villainous look about the canine visage which makes us fear that, if the eagle leaves him, a worse tyrant will oppress his last moments. There are two pictures by Herring; a cavalier taking his stirrup-cup, surrounded by domestic birds, &c.—this is a highly characteristic work—the other, if we recollect aright, has been engraved under the title of “The Horses of Pharaoh,”—three horses’ heads. A landscape, by Boddington, represents the executive school of English landscape. There is an exquisite water-color drawing, by Stanfield, an “Italian City,”—a glorious Prout, a “View in Venice,”—and a view of “Windsor,” by Harding, also, in water-color, with five scriptural compositions, by Warren, President of the New Water-Color Society of London.

Among the French pictures, Delacroix has one which shows his system and powers with fairness, though it is an unambitious composition, nymphs bathing. Its tone of color is somewhat different from any of his other works which we have seen. A large picture, by N. Diaz, is of his later and more profuse style, and, like all his pictures, simply a study of color. An angel standing by the side of a disconsolate mother, by Landelle, is a better illustration of the present tendencies of French Art than either of the above—simple, effective, and possessed of the qualities of handling and touch, so much sought by the Parisians. There is a specimen of Meissonier, one of the most unique and subtle of modern painters, a man in a cabaret, painted in almost miniature size, as in all his works, but with extraordinary delicacy and breadth of execution. A fitting pendant to this is a lady arranging flowers, by Plassan, one of the same class of minute painters, brilliant and fascinating in color. A child’s bath, by Lamemais, is also a good specimen of modern Gallic painting. A pair of miniature bronze alti-relievo of game, by Mène, should not be unnoticed.

The Flemish pictures appear to great advantage, Koekkoek having two landscapes; one a winter scene, and the other a sunset—Verboekhoven, a shepherd coming home with his flock, a roadside scene with a group of carriers, with laden asses, cattle, &c.; and a horse and lion, a spirited piece of animal painting. Van Schendel of Brussels, a market scene, with moon-light and candle-light mixed, one of the subjects for which he has become famous. Schelfhout, apparently a disciple of Koekkoek, a winter scene, highly artistic in its use of the snow. Madou, an interior, with a fortune-teller and soldiers, delicately painted and harmonious in color, though of the grey tone so much sought in the Netherlandish art. Wappers, a composition of two young girls, whose faces contain the most perfect knowledge of expression, as it is shown in the Grisette; and Keyser, a study of two girls, gleaners, in the Dusseldorf manner.

From Dusseldorf there is a repetition with wide variations, of Steinbrück’s “Fairies,” a wild, stormy marine, by A. Achenbach, and a landscape by his brother Oswald. Hasenclever’s portrait of himself drinking, from the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and his school scene, known by the lithograph, by all odds the finest picture of his of which we know, and a most minutely-painted group of children playing, by Waldmüller. (We are not sure he hails from Dusseldorf.) A Falstaff being turned out of the clothes-basket, by Schrödter, is an admirable piece of humor. A landscape, by Gude, the painter of the famous bear landscape, in the Dusseldorf collection, is also, to our mind, the best of his pictures which we have seen. Leutze is represented by one of his most thoughtful pictures—Cromwell and his Daughter.

There is a fine picture by Calame, a mill-stream, full of minute truth and masterly execution; two landscapes by Durand, a classical composition and “The Wanderer’s Home,” an illustration of the poem by Mrs. Hemans; a

composition of two children by J. T. Peale, and Hinkley's "Fox and Hawk over a Partridge," exhibited in the Art-Union gallery/some years since. There are many other pictures, but we have mentioned the chief of them, and it can be well seen that Mr. Wolfe's gallery is one of unusual value to those who would learn something of the present state of European Art.

THE INDIANS IN AMERICAN ART.

It seems to us that the Indian has not received justice in American art. The simple dignity of his ordinary carriage does not, perhaps, permit those picturesque accessories which are indulged in by mere picture-makers; but there are sublime passages in his history that deserve illustration at the hands of our historical painters. It should be held in dutiful remembrance that he is fast passing away from the face of the earth. Soon the last red man will have faded for ever from his native land, and those who come after us will trust to our scanty records for their knowledge of his habits and appearance. His mighty wrongs will be charged to our account, and the repulsive savage, elevated to the dignity of a martyr, will flaunt in a thousand graces not his own, while the native grandeur of his simple habits will be lost in a glare of picturesque romanticism. Already, he is oftener seen in our pictures, bedecked with European finery, than in the unadorned simplicity of his primitive condition. It suits better the purpose of our picture-makers to represent him in the more attractive aspect of his demi-civilized degradation than in the wild freedom of aboriginal manhood. Seen in his primitive garb, the wild, untamed denizen of an unknown country, he is a sublimely eloquent representative of the hidden recesses, and the mental solitude of the uncivilized wilderness. But tainted by the vices of his conquerors, clothed in the disjointed fragments of their habiliments, he is an object of disgust, too pitiable for comic portraiture, and too debased for serious art.

We all love to dwell upon the Indian's story. Posterity will regard him with intense interest. They will seek eagerly for every scrap of his tradition, history, and habits. We, who know by observation and are near his times, should endeavor to transmit the truth in regard to him. As it is, what with the romancer and the so-called historical painter, he stands a chance of figuring on the future canvas as a kind of savage harlequin, lost in a cloud of feathers and brilliant stuffs; or else in the other extreme, hung about with skulls, scalp, and the half-devoured fragments of the white man's carcass. All this is dramatic enough, but it is not the truest color of the historical Indian. Absorbed in his quiet dignity, brave, honest, eminently truthful, and always thoroughly in earnest, he stands grandly apart from all other known savage life. As such, let him be, for justice sake, sometimes represented.

We should rejoice to see the Indian figure more upon our canvas, and the costumed European less; for it cannot be hidden that

it is the seductive blandishments of the white man's clothes that allures the artist into the portraiture of his history. We have had some remarkable pictures of the red man already painted, but few of them of sufficient pretension to be considered by posterity as authority. A few years since, Chapman's marriage of Pocahontas, in the Rotunda at Washington,—the most ambitious attempt we now remember. Penn's treaty will of course always be regarded with reverence. We knew the Indians when comparatively untainted by the white man's vices. Some years ago, a young man by the name of Deas, sent to New York some excellent pictures of Western Indian life. They had the stamp of being truthful portraits. He has, in a few instances, engaged the attention of the sculptor, but altogether we think, his claims have been sadly neglected.

Setting aside all the Indian history of the West, how much there is that is romantic, peculiar, and picturesque in his struggles with civilization in our own section of country. In Captain Church's history of Philip's war, there are innumerable incidents for the painter. Towards the close of the war, when Philip's followers were nearly all slain, and his ruin near, the captain suddenly came upon the solitary warrior, in an open clearing, seated on a stump, his face buried in his hands, brooding over the fallen fortunes of his country. The generous old captain, touched by the picture of the chief's distress, allowed him to seize his gun, and plunge, astonished, into the recesses of the forest. Could anything be more beautiful than this incident, justly treated, either by sculpture or painting? A naked man, a stump, a few chips, a gun, would tell the whole history of the war, and a heroic man's great struggles for his nation's liberty.

In the beginning of that war, the Indians were induced, by fair promises, to assemble peaceably in the log cabin church at Taunton. They were seated on one side of the house, and the English on the other, who, after lecturing them upon the white man's religion, suddenly rose and seized their arms. A brief struggle, a strife, rather of looks than hands, and the incident which settled the fortunes of New England was consummated. Is this not a subject for a great picture!

Picture the group of Aborigines, who, hiding in the forest, wonderingly watched the landing of the Pilgrims. What attitudes for the sculptor. One of them, perhaps, crawling along on his hands and knees in the snow, holding one hand over his eyes to hide the light, and the other by his side, clutching his bow, peering cautiously through a vista at the approaching strangers. Suppose an Indian hunter in this attitude, crawling along in sight of his prey, beckoning back with his hand behind him, his crouching dog, and holding with the other his gun. Here is an original action, unknown in antique sculpture—picturesque, composing agreeably, wholly American, full of lively incident, and telling its story perfectly.

The Indian, reposing at night by his camp-

fire, or seen in the energy of his fiercest fight, skulking behind logs and trees, stealthily tracing his enemies' path in the leaves and bushes, grouped in council or roving in solitude—in all these positions, and in hundreds of others, is eminently picturesque and interesting. As an accessory in landscape, the Indian may be used with great effect. He is at home in every scene of primitive country. Picture them marching in "Indian file," winding silently along through the light and shade of some grand old primitive forest.

JAMES W. GLASS.

This well-known artist, deceased in this city on the 23d ult., was born in Cadiz, where his father, an Englishman, was residing as a merchant. His mother was a Virginian lady, so that the painter was both English and American. His early life was passed, partly in England and partly in the United States, chiefly in engineering. He was connected with the Coast Survey, under Capt. Talbot, and Fortification Service, under Capt. Cullum. His talent for Art led to his being employed mostly in topographical drawing during this part of his life. The desire to be wholly an artist led him to become a student of painting, in New York, where he was for a short time a pupil with Huntington, in 1845. An intimacy sprang up between master and pupil at that time, which continued uninterrupted until the death of Glass. He had a passion for subjects in which horses could be introduced. Stirring incidents of border warfare, the fierce struggles of the Cromwellian rebellion, and wild adventures of marauding soldiery, were the themes which engaged his pencil, and of such passages he had made many slight outline sketches before he began seriously to paint. He sailed for England in 1847—where his mother and sisters then resided—and began, in London, a course of study which he pursued for years with arduous and indomitable perseverance. His first compositions were sent to this country, and purchased by the Art-Union. The "Fight for the Standard"—"The Warrior at Rest"—"The Ford-way"—"The Royalist Captives," were among those he exhibited. He lived and painted at first in Kensington—afterwards taking a studio in Newman street, the renowned haunt of Artists; he joined the Clipstone-street Life and Costume Academy; formed acquaintance with Tenny, Armitage, Jenkins, and others, and prepared himself seriously to appear before the British public. The first picture which attracted decided attention, a group of horsemen, was bought by Mr. Baury Hall, on the opening day of the British Institution, in 1850. Mr. Hall being a director of the Gallery, and a man of acknowledged taste, this paved the way for further success. The "Free Companions" followed, a rich and brilliant work, and it added to his reputation—he was noticed by the critics, and began to be talked of as a prominent and rising man. Then came the sketch of the Duke of Wellington—obtained through Mr. Abbott Lawrence—and the picture com-

posed from it, called the "Last Return from Duty," (for, before it was finished, the Duke died), was purchased by Mr. Farrar, an influential dealer, and a duplicate was made for an engraving, to be published by the Colnaghi. The success of this work brought him orders from Lord Ellesmere and the Duchess of Sutherland, while, about the same time, Mr. Hope, of Deepdene, purchased his "Night March," at the private view-day of the British Institution. Thus noticed and encouraged by persons of refined taste and high social position, he was on the high road to fame and fortune.

In November last he sailed for this country, to renew his American associations, and to attend to some private affairs. A large circle of artists and men of taste and letters have vied with each other in extending friendship and hospitality to him since his arrival—and his career seemed to promise a brightening future—when death suddenly put an end to all. His mind was original and vigorous—his invention fertile—his coloring rich, and his power of general expression great. He infused vitality into all he touched. As a man he was greatly beloved. Enthusiasm, frankness, generosity, and warmth of temper, combined with gentle breeding, and a richly-stored mind, to make him a delightful friend and companion.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The opera season came to a close on the last day of the year, after a continuance of forty nights, through various vicissitudes, the early nights being sparingly attended, through the counter-influence of the Rachel troupe, but coming up latterly to good, and even generous houses. In spite of all discouragements, Mr. Payne pursued the even tenor of his way, giving a succession of operas, cast in the strongest way, and placed on the stage in a most liberal and complete manner. No opera season has, ever passed off in this city with so few disappointments. There have been no inflated efforts at puffery. The public have been quietly informed of the entertainments, without any appeals to their charity, or whinings at their indifference. Thus the true dignity of the opera has been elevated, and lifted from the herd of show managements, to a position that it should always occupy.

It is to be regretted that the season should wind up just when the people have become awakened to the excellence of the company. Our readers in Boston will now have a chance to enjoy their music. We have not in our notices said anything in their praise, which we would not now again fully endorse.

NICHOLAS DEAN, lately deceased, was one of the few men in this community who interested themselves in the cause of the Fine Arts. If not a patron, in the common acceptance of that word, he was active and useful in behalf of Art, giving both his presence and money whenever called upon to do so. He was an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and one of the Trustees of the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts. As a man and

as a citizen he was universally respected, and his death will leave a void in the ranks of the friends of every good cause, not easily filled up. Mr. Dean died on the 21st ult. The funeral took place from the new Unitarian church of All Souls, on the 26th inst., being attended by a very large circle of friends, assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the body of a worthy man.

FORBES' ATHENEUM.—Mr. P. J. Forbes, late Librarian of the Society Library, has opened an "Athenaeum" at No. 371 Broadway, "the object of which is to combine a reading-room with a library of reference, and the gradual formation of a collection of standard literature for general circulation." Mr. F. also acts as agent to procure books, scientific apparatus, and works of Art. Mr. Forbes' experience in the book-world renders him specially qualified to make the Athenaeum an agreeable resort, and his knowledge of business makes him a competent agent for the other departments of his enterprise.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.

Dear Crayon—

Since my letter to you from North Conway, I have met with a variety of adventures, and I hope, learned something in the Art. I found Conway so delightful that I remained till the cold numbed my fingers while sketching; until the snow had settled well down on Mount Washington, and the autumn gusts had driven the last withered leaves from the branches. I tried a fall-scene down in the meadows, near the fordway; one red maple, however, which I had painted in solidly with Indian-red and vermilion, and was intending to glaze with the deepest crimson lake, to give the intensity of nature, turned to a dull brown before the Indian-red would dry, and so I was obliged to glaze the thing without nature. It would not look right, and the more lake I used the worse it grew; in fact, it reminded me so strongly of the bright crimson plush chairs I used to put in my half-length portraits of gentlemen, that I was disgusted. Dr. Ruggles came lounging along the banks of Saco, one quiet, hazy day, while I was hard at work at this study; he seemed to be watching effects of atmosphere, for I could see him looking this way and that, and now and then throwing himself down on the long, dry grass and weeds at the edge of the meadow, and following with his eye the little sparkling patches of sunlight as they ran along the hills. Hallooed, and the doctor strolled slowly up. "You are getting it too crude and violent," said he. "It wants air, and delicate greys. I can see your palette all over your picture; in that tree you used chrome; that one is burnt sienna; this is lake over Indian-red." ("Hang the fellow," said I to myself, "do you see any such color there?") "But, doctor," cried I, "that maple has changed." "Pshaw! it never was hotter and stronger in the shadow than the light—don't you observe how the tints are all softened by the intervening air, that there is a negative tint running through all the shadow, that there are delicate, cool, reflected lights sprinkled over the warm mass, and bits of intense color only where the leaves are translucent?" The doctor was right—I saw it—but not liking to seem too green, I replied, "Oh, I'll get all that, by-and-by, easy enough, with a little scumbling." "May be you will," muttered the doctor as he walked off, thinking me, I fear, an egregious ass.

I left my easel and picture standing on the ground, the night promised to be so fair, and went home rather discouraged, but resolved to

make all right the next day. On awaking in the morning, imagine my horror at finding it raining torrents! At dawn I rushed to the window—the interval was one sheet of water—the solitary trees rose up like spectres. "My autumnal study is done for, Sylvia, I fear," said I to my wife. "All that paint is wasted, then, is it, Flake?" and the prettiest sketch you ever made," murmured the dear girl, "that red maple was splendid—never mind, I have plenty of the leaves pressed," and she turned over for another nap. A wife that believes in you, and sleeps well, is an inestimable treasure! After consoling myself with a breakfast of hot flap-jacks, I went splashing through the mud and storm to look after my materials. The box was under water, the easel had floated off, and the picture with it, into the Saco, and the limb of a tree, brought down by the freshet, was sticking into it. I could see the red tree yet, however, through all the mist and rain.

I have been in town now several weeks, and am beginning to get some portraits to do. I have taken a studio at No. 329 1/2 Broadway, which I am told by the landlady is a very central position. I am rather high up, to be sure (in the sixth story), and all the stairs, rather steep ones, rise in succession one above another, and can be seen whole length from the street door, a fine perspective. This is a style of stair-architecture, invented, I am told, by your New York architects—a very gifted race of men. There are some trifling objections to it. It is rather awkward to glance up on entering, and see a lady descending from the top; and I took a first sitting some time ago from an old asthmatic gentleman, and I learn that he has since suffered such an attack that I am in danger of losing my money, and the picture remaining a charcoal sketch for ever.

Desirous of making an impression, on first arriving, I asked a dashing young gentleman, clerk at a great carving and gilding establishment, to sit for a portrait, as he had been excused, having sat for several to different artists—not to mention a dozen or so of daguerrotypists—and this reminds me that I ought to acknowledge the courteous attention bestowed on strangers of distinction by daguerrean artists; for I had scarcely put up my new tin sign of "Flake White, Portrait and Landscape Painter," when I received, from several well-known firms, invitations to favor them with sittings. One was as follows—"Dear Sir: We are forming a collection of daguerrotypies of our most Eminent Men, in all departments, and shall be happy to add yours to our series of Distinguished Artists. Respectfully, &c." I was so much gratified by this delicate compliment that I have spent several days sitting for daguerrotypes and photographs. You have probably recognized me in many of the show-cases, with a grand, knarled head of black hair, a long beard, eye turned off, and gleaming as though an inspiration had just struck me. But to return to my first portrait. I succeeded at last in inducing my tailor, Mr. Clarendon Seams, to sit—one of the handsomest men in town—so distingué you would think he was a foreign Count—and I used to suppose he must be when I used to meet him strolling down Broadway, with an air so noble and self-possessed. (Perhaps I ought to say, that I owe him a considerable bill, and it is barely possible that it may have occurred to him that there might be some difficulty in realizing the money for the amount.) I studied hard on the composition of this portrait, meaning that it should make a sensation at Williams & Stevens', where a magnificent frame had been ordered. After much reflection and repeated trials, I finally hit upon this arrangement. Mr. Clarendon Seams was to be dressed in a complete suit of black—vest, black satin, of extraordinary lustre—seated in a large rosewood, richly-carved arm-chair, with purple velvet back, one arm leaning on a scarlet-covered ta-

ble, the other falling from the arm of the chair and holding a letter. On the table, I arranged a few books in rich bindings, and an inkstand. The background cost me a world of thought. After many charcoal trials, I came back to my first conception; namely, a Doric column, a curtain of deep crimson, figured, and a little bit of sky, with a dash of white cloud thrown in to give a sparkling effect. To avoid common-place, I turned Mr. Seam's head off, his eyes looking into infinite space, and succeeded in giving that expression of deep melancholy seated in his eyes; probably the effect of his early sedentary habits.

Before painting the background, I may as well add that I consulted both Reynolds and Lawrence, and received most valuable hints from the latter, whose curtains and columns, I think, surpass all others that I am acquainted with, and my observations have been extensive in that way. But I must not occupy you too long—if you print this, I may write again.

Yours, FLAKE WHITE.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MR. KENNETT has just completed a medium-sized picture of a view on the Mississippi River, embracing a range of "bluffs" on the banks of that stream. The eye takes in a series of bluffs on the left, running off into perspective; the remaining portion of the picture being the surface of the river. The latter is enlivened by a couple of birds just rising from the water, in the foreground. The time is toward sunset, indicated by the sunlight striking on the top of the rocks projecting above the foliage. This picture is an interesting representation of one phase of our peculiar scenery. We saw in Mr. Kennett's studio a very fine picture—a portrait suggestive of Leonardo da Vinci, which, although somewhat dilapidated, is a valuable picture. If a copy, it is one of those very rare pictures that possess much of the charm of an original. And this reminds us that

MR. CHURCH also exhibits a very fine copy of one of Rubens' pictures. It is a half-nude female figure, admirably representing the coloring of this master, as well as his taste. A poor copy is the very poverty of Art-expression, and good ones being so rare, we take pleasure in referring to them. Mr. Church has lately produced another South American scene, to add to the list of attractive pictures of that varied landscape. We noticed in Mr. Church's studio two pictures by Cole, which we understand are for sale (if not already disposed of). One is a "Tornado," and the other "Prometheus." Mr. Cole's pictures are becoming very scarce, and as few opportunities for obtaining one are likely to occur, the present occasion offers itself to those who desire to possess one of his works.

MR. LANG has lately completed a number of pictures, mostly portraits, among which are three large "Children" subjects. The grouping of these very difficult "sitters" is skillfully managed; the accessories are well introduced, and there is no lack of animation in the little personages represented.

MR. HUNTINGTON has just finished a portrait of Robert Kelly, Esq., and one of Mortimer Livingston Esq., both of which are admirable likenesses, as well as excellent pictures.

MR. GRAY is engaged upon an historical picture, representing "Hagar and the Angel." He has also just completed two portraits, one of a lady, and the other of a boy, which are remarkably attractive paintings in the department of portrait-art, as well as further illustrative of his peculiar system of coloring.

T. H. MATTESON, the artist, who, since he left New York, has resided at Sherburne, practicing his art, was chosen at the last State election, Chenango county, for its representative. He has just completed a portrait of the Hon. H. Gerrit Smith, which is spoken of as an excellent likeness. Mr. M. has several compositions in progress, commissions from gentlemen of our city.

MR. DURAND has just completed a landscape, called "The First Harvest in the Wilderness," which painting is for the Brooklyn Institute, in fulfillment of the commission mentioned in our paper of the 4th of July last. The scene represented is a wild country in the midst of forests and mountains, with a clearing, where, in the middle distance, a settler's log-house stands by the side of a primitive road. The foreground is made up of a stream, with stony banks, bordered with isolated and half-felled trees, stumps, and logs, and upon it a rude bridge, over which the road passes by the side of a forest into the picture. Beyond are mountains confining the horizon. By the side of the road, and opposite the house, is a field of grain, with the settler engaged in reaping his crop, and upon this field alone, being the main light of the picture, the sunlight streams down from a heavily-clouded sky. The light so confined to the grain-field typifies encouragement to agricultural labor, as well as hope for the pioneer. The sentiment of the picture is also in keeping with the circumstances belonging to its production. The field of Art is, in the country, but just emerging into the reality of a clearing, upon which the sun of encouragement *does* shine, if it gleams from clouds and is surrounded by shadows. As an illustration, Mr. Graham may be considered the pioneer in the wilderness, and all honor be to his memory for being the first to make a clearing. The name of Graham is placed on a rock in the foreground of the picture, over which twines a convoluted vine. Mr. Huntington is to paint the next picture for the Institute collection.

We regret not being able to announce the arrangements of the National Academy of Design for the next annual exhibition. Up to the time of our going to press, the Academy had not decided upon a locality.

WE are informed that a plan has been matured, and presented to the Smithsonian Institute, for the diffusion of copies of the masterpieces of sculpture; namely, casts from statues and bas-reliefs among the most celebrated works of antiquity. The plan was favorably received at a meeting held in the spring, and we are assured there will be favorable action upon it early this winter. If the plan is carried out, all the Art-institutions of our country may

be put in possession of these valuable adjuncts to the study of the figure, at quite a nominal cost.

WE are obliged to postpone the balance of our Art Gossip till next month.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

THE ASSEMBLY OF EXTREMES.—A subtle old proverb says, "extremes meet," and science, Art, and even morality, sometimes testify to the truth of the proverb; and there are some curious problems involved in the demonstration of it. The loftiest attainment of the wisdom and worth of age only reaches to the simplicity and fervor of childhood, from which we all start, and returning to which we are blessed. Art makes the same voyage round its sphere, holding ever westward its way into new and unexplored regions, until it does what Columbus would have done, had his faith and self-denial been greater, reaches the east again. If the individual, Columbus, failed to accomplish the destiny, the class, Columbus, fails never. And so in Art, what no one does, the many accomplish, and finally the cycle is filled.

We see this most forcibly in the comparison of two late poems, as unlike, at first thought, as two could be, and yet in which the most striking likenesses prevail, "MAUD," and "LEAVES OF GRASS;"† the one as refined in its Art as the most refined, delicate in its structure, and consummate in its subtlety of expression, the other rude and rough, and heedless in its forms—nonchalant in everything but its essential ideas. The one comes from the last stage of cultivation of the Old World, and shows evidence of morbid, luxurious waste of power, and contempt of mental wealth, from inability longer to appreciate the propriety of subjects on which to expend it; as, to one who has over-lived, all values are the same, because nothing, and indifferent; while the other, from among the "roughs," is morbid from overgrowth, and likewise prodigal of its thought-treasure, because it has so much that it can afford to throw it away on everything, and considers all things that are, as equally worth gilding. The subject of MAUD is nothing—a mere common-place incident, but artistically dealt with—a blanched, decayed sea-shell, around which the amber has gathered; and that of the newer poem is equally nothing, blades of sea-grass amber-cemented. Both are characterized by the extreme of affectation of suggestiveness—piers of thought being given, over which the reader must throw his own arches. Both are bold, defiant of laws which attempt to regulate forms, and of those which *should* regulate essences. Maud is irreligious through mental disease, produced by excess of sentimental action—"Leaves of Grass," through irregularly-developed mental action and insufficiency of sentiment. A calmer perception of Nature would have corrected in Tennyson that feeling which looks upon sorrow as the only thing poetic, and serenity and holy trust, as things to which Love has no alliance, while a higher

* "Maud and other Poems," by Alfred Tennyson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

† "Leaves of Grass," Brooklyn, N.Y.